

earthen flagon. There are no windows, and the rough walls are black with candle smoke. The young man who showed the church took a Gospel from the dais, kissing the cross upon it before handing it to me, and then on seeing that I was interested went home and brought a MS. of St. Matthew's Gospel, with several rudely-illuminated scenes from our Lord's life. "Christos," he said with a smile, as he pointed to the central figure in the first illustration, and so on as he showed me the others, for in each there was a figure of the Christ, not crowned and risen, but suffering and humiliated. Next morning, in the bitter cold of the hour before sunrise, the clang of the mallet on the sounding-board assembled the villagers for matins, and to the Christ crowned and risen and "sitting on the right hand of power" they rendered honour as Divine, though in the midst of the grossest superstition and darkness, and for Him whom they "ignorantly worship" they are at this moment suffering the loss of all things. Their empty sheepfold might have been full to-day if they had acknowledged Him as a Prophet and no more.¹

Leaving this wretched hamlet, where the unfortunate peasants are as avaricious as they are poor and dirty, and passing a Kurdish village with a stone fort picturesquely situated, we crossed a pass into a solitary valley, on which high rounded hills descend in harmonised buffs and browns, both hills and valleys covered with uncut hay. The *zaptiehs* said that this was a

specially
dangerous place, and urged the caravan to
its utmost
speed. We met three Armenian, *katirgis* in
their shirts.
They complained most bitterly that they had
been robbed
an hour before of five mules with their
equipments, as well

¹ In another village, a young man in speaking of their
circumstances
said : " "We don't know much, but we love the Lord Jesus
well enough to
die for Him."